

Shine Blockas (ft. Gucci Mane)

Big Boi

Yeah! All the ladies say ho
All the hoes say, (hah hah hah)
Gucci up, here we go A-town, C-post
Cut masta swift down ya throat Boy stop, Sir Luscious Left Foots on fire
Trying to block my shine just ain't gone happen so don't try
Every time I get on this microphone I like to spit,
Inking hit up after hit
This penmanship is so legit
I came equipped like an prophylactic
Now they riding dick, like
Stalin on these suckas out here tryin' to buy they bitch
Now they rich try to piss everybody to trick off
But a true boss to pay the cost, she giving away her drawls,
Word to the brown James he some chicken chow mein,
Really man you done say some silly things
And the fella Dana Dane boy you cuffin' claim to game
Hate my main thang and my last name ya notta mayne.[Chorus]
I'm on my grind shawty,
Don't block my shine shawty.
Hold up, hold up guess who just showed up?
Rolled up, rolls cut, drop with the doors up
I'm on my grind shawty,
Don't block my shine shawty.
Wait a minute, wait a minute,
Chill a little, sit a minute.
I can't close my safe no more,
Cause I got too much money in it Gucci in the cell; did a deal, went to jail
I make music, I make movies, I'm in Tyler Perry's cell
I smell coming out the lam', fuck it what the hell
Gucci Mane, so I'm Guccied down; she got on Chanel
In the tent rolling stupid kush like I'm in the restroom
In the club with a half a pound (hundred fifty blunts)
Zone 6 - East Atlanta - don't fuck with Nia Long
So shine like it's showtime, all my jewelry on
On the block with the stupid watch.
Boy you need to stop!
When I stop, everybody watch the car without a top
In the streets cause a stupid chick roll another pack
Now I'm gone, I can't even flip:

Eastside where you at?[Chorus]Can't be tripping bout no paper cause the safe is not so safe,
The piggy bank got legs and feet, and can't get up and walk away shawty,
With my southern drawl awkwardly I spray like the backside of a skunk
And the stash house with the pump,
Pistol whip in my lap at all times in the 'lac
from Atlanta to Savannah can't a nigga stop that
Not when God's got his hands on me only the strong survive
And the weak, minded are falling by the wayside, they try.
But which I overcome and succeed indeed
But with success comes a great responsibility
We chose to lead not follow
It's a hard pill to swallow
Better get prescriptions filled cause there might not be tomorrow.[Chorus]

Songwriters

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